

Clone Wars

Story: Clone Wars

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/8764645/1/>

Category: Lion King

Genre: Adventure/Romance

Author: ThatPersonYouMightKnow

Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/3365186/>

Last updated: 12/24/2012

Words: 11476

Rating: T

Status: Complete

Content: Chapter 1 to 7 of 7 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: Simba and his friends find themselves up against some very familiar faces...

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: The Last Resort

AN: Yay—I didn't vanish for almost a month this time. I bet you're all pleased to see that. Anyway, it's time for the latest story, and I'm hoping that it'll entertain you. After all, we are nearing the end of Series Four now. Who knows what might happen...?

Clone Wars

Chapter One: The Last Resort

"*Argh!*" Shocker had fire in his eyes. "*I don't believe it!*"

"Quit yelling," snapped the Interceptor. "It's not that bad."

"*Not that bad?*" Shocker roared. "*This is it! This is the final! This is the very last straw!*"

The Interceptor rolled his eyes. Shocker, by nature, was an angry cub. Maybe being struck by lightning had something to do with that. Theoretically, he should be dead—yet that didn't exactly stop him.

"Just shut up!" the Interceptor moaned. "You're making my head hurt!" He thought that he would have become accustomed to Shocker's yelling by now. Sadly, that wasn't the case.

"*Your head? Your head?*" yelled Shocker. "What about *my* head? The failure—it's just too much to bear! Everything I try—*every single thing*—goes up in smoke! Why? Why is it so hard to eradicate my enemies?"

"Because they're smart," the Interceptor replied, although he hated to admit it. "You ever thought about just giving up on chasing them every single day?"

"Are you insane?" Shocker replied. "It's an endless mission! Simba, Nala and Haiba *must* die! It's all a matter of revenge! Don't tell me you want to miss out on what you deserve?"

"I deserve a good hunt," said the Interceptor. "And so far, I don't think that's going to happen!"

Shocker growled with anger. His body didn't seem big enough to contain his rage. "We've tried everything! We resurrected Scar—and he ended up betraying us. We tried being stealthy—and we ended up using the worst potion ever to exist. What else is there? What other plan could there possibly be?"

The Interceptor thought for a moment. "Make them fight against each other," he suggested.

"I've already tried that," Shocker said, sighing as he lay back in his vine hammock. "Didn't work."

"No, no—you don't understand," said the Interceptor, shaking his head. "I mean, like, *clones*."

Shocker just stared at him blankly. "*Clones?*" he said. "Did you seriously just say that to me?"

The Interceptor nodded. "That I did," he said. "*Clones*. Just send some evil clones of them into the Pride Lands. That should solve the problem."

"Either you're stupid, or... stupid," Shocker replied. "You can't just go about making clones of animals. It's impossible!"

"Not with a little bit of magic," the Interceptor said. "Look—I know a magical cub who lives in this jungle. Well, when I say know, I mean... spied on. Anyway, she'd be able to cook up a few clones for us in a heartbeat."

Shocker didn't look at all convinced. "I seriously doubt any cub is going to want to be associated with—"

"I never said we had to do it *nice*ly," the Interceptor interrupted. "We're going to *kidnap* the cub, and *force* her to create clones for us." He grinned. "Is this the perfect plan or what?"

"*Or what,*" said Shocker sternly. "*It. Won't. Work.*"

"I'd like to see you come up with a better idea," the Interceptor retorted.

"All right—I will!" Shocker declared. "Um... well... uh..." He struggled for an idea, much to the pleasure of the Interceptor.

"See. I knew it."

"No, wait—wait—wait!" Shocker exclaimed hurriedly. "I've got it! Why don't we *clone* Simba, Nala and Haiba—then make the clones kill them! It's genius! I'm surprised I've never thought of it before!"

The Interceptor frowned disapprovingly. "Hey, that was my idea—"

"Aw, shut up," Shocker snapped, hopping to his paws. "I have a plan to put into motion. Now, where did you say that magical cub was?"

"Tojo, Tojo, Tojo..." Tama shook her head, frowning. "When will you ever learn?"

"Oh, well, sorry," Tojo said, rolling his eyes, "but it's not my fault I ended up stuck on top of a tree."

Tojo was clinging to a long branch protruding from a rather tall tree off to the side of his and Tama's home. "Maybe you could stop using me as your magical test experiment?"

Tama sighed. "You know I have to try and perfect my powers, Tojo. Nine times out of ten, something goes wrong. But it's not my fault—I wasn't trained properly."

"Or maybe you just don't have as much magical blood in your veins as you suspected?" Tojo questioned. "After all, your magic didn't exactly help during that whole business with Hago and—"

"Hey, I saved the day, didn't I?" Tama interrupted.

"You murdered him," Tojo pointed out bleakly. "*Horribly*, I might add."

Tama sighed. "It was either him or you, Tojo. Would you like me to burn you to a crisp instead?"

"No," Tojo replied. "But I *would* like to get out of this— *Wah!*" Tojo cried out as he lost his grip on the branch and plummeted to the ground with a large *thump!* "Ow..."

"There we go," said Tama chirpily, picking Tojo up. "You're out of the tree. It's your lucky day after all!"

"Oh, sure," said Tojo sarcastically. "I bet next someone will end up kidnapping you."

"Don't be ridiculous," Tama snapped. "As if I'd ever let anyone— *Gah!*"

Tojo whipped round to see that Tama had disappeared. "I knew it," he said, shaking his head. "I knew it." He shrugged, sitting down on the ground. "She'll be back eventually. Oh, well, Tojo. You might as well just talk to yourself..."

"All right, who are you, and why have you taken me?" Tama demanded, staring at the unfriendly faces leering over her.

"Shut up," snapped Shocker. "We want you to do a little job for us—and then we'll be on our way."

"Yeah," the Interceptor agreed. "Now get to it."

"If this has *anything* to do with kissing you—" Shocker covered her mouth with a paw, shaking his head.

"Not *that* kind of job," Shocker told her. "I've been told by a highly informed source—whose identity you'll *never* be able to figure out—that you possess magical powers."

"Was it him?" Tama asked, gesturing to the Interceptor.

Shocker sighed. "Yes. Yes, it was him. But let's get to the point. I want you to create some clones for me."

"Clones?" Tama's eyes widened. "Why would you want me to create clones?"

"For my own evil purposes," Shocker replied mysteriously. "Now, the clones in particular have to have very specific appearances—"

"Simba, Nala and Haiba," Tama cut in with a deep sigh. "I know the drill by now."

Shocker shot her an angry look, but he continued regardless. "Okay—I want you to create clones of Simba, Nala and Haiba, yes. But they have to be *evil*. Very, *very* evil. So evil that they should hate the sight of their own reflections! Their hatred for the cubs has to be very strong indeed..."

"And what makes you think I'd even do that?" Tama asked, knowing that Simba, Nala and Haiba were her friends. She would never agree to such a thing!

"I'll kill your boyfriend," Shocker threatened.

"Go ahead," Tama retorted, much to Shocker's bemusement. "I didn't like him that much, anyway."

"Okay—then I'll kill *you*," Shocker snarled.

Tama gasped, mouth dropping open, horrified. "You *monster*! How could you? That's insane! That's horrible! It's—"

"So you'll do it?" the Interceptor interrupted, growing rather tired of the cub's selfish personality.

"Okay, okay—I'll do it," Tama gave in. "Just watch you don't mess up my fur, all right? And this had better be quick, too. Otherwise Tojo might start to worry about me..."

Tojo was alone in the middle of his home, sat on the ground, talking to someone who appeared to be invisible.

"Yes, yes, we used the main path to get here most of the way," he said. "We had an awful lot of trouble getting over the river. We used the bridge in the end, yes." He listened to an inaudible response from the imaginary person. "Oh, she's a very lovely girlfriend. You'd recognise her a mile away—poor hygiene, mostly covered in blood. I mean, you really should visit more often—we could have a great dinner together one night."

Tojo grinned as he heard another imaginary response. "Yes, I suppose I am a bit of a great cub, really, aren't I?" He thought for a moment. "That was a nice chat." He then frowned, lonely. "Shame I haven't got someone real to talk to..."

***Chapter 2*: Chapter 2: The Cloning Process**

Chapter Two: The Cloning Process

"All right, now, the cloning process is fairly simple," Tama explained as she led Shocker and the Interceptor into a clearing. "Since I'm an incredibly magical cub, all I have to do is picture the three of them, concentrate my powers and zap out three identical clones!"

"But they'll be evil?" Shocker asked, narrowing his eyes. The plan couldn't work without giving the clones an evil edge. They had to be more than just bad—they had to be *murderous*.

"Don't worry about it," Tama replied. "I'll make them bad. You know, I was once evil myself. I know how to manipulate others into becoming evil, too." She let out an evil little chuckle.

"Have you ever considered the possibility there's still some maliciousness left inside of you?" Shocker questioned, raising his eyebrows. He had to admit, Tama was giving off a very strange evil aura...

"Of course I do," Tama said simply, "but I just choose to lock it away deep inside of me. I'm trying my best to be an upstanding citizen of the jungle."

"Good luck with that," the Interceptor mumbled, thinking that she had completely lost her mind. This cub was crazy!

"I must admit, I find your personality quite... interesting," Shocker told her. "You could always join me, Tama—and together we could rule the world."

"Not interested, Shock-O," replied Tama, sitting calmly on the ground and closing her eyes.

"My name is Shocker," he said through gritted teeth.

"Shh!" Tama shushed him, her eyes remaining shut. "I need to meditate. Concentrating on the power is going to be the tricky part. From then on, it should be pretty straightforward. You'd better stand back, by the way."

Shocker nodded at the Interceptor, and they both stepped backwards, watching Tama as she attempted to concentrate her powers.

After a few seconds, nothing happened, and Shocker began to wonder whether this was just a trick she was playing on them.

But then, the grass in front of Tama began to glow a very faint green. Not particularly noticeable, but it was definitely there. Shocker smiled. At least *something* was being done.

The grass was glowing an even brighter green now; whatever she was doing, it seemed to be working.

Shocker and the Interceptor grinned evilly at each other as a strong breeze began to pick up, blowing the grass frantically back and forth.

Boom! A sudden explosion of green light enveloped Tama, and most of the clearing along with it. Silence fell upon the area.

Eventually, the light died away. Tama was on her paws, grinning with pride at her accomplishment.

Stood before her were three perfect, exact clones of Simba, Nala and Haiba. They stared straight ahead, unmoving. The effect was rather disturbing.

"Excellent!" Shocker exclaimed, striding right up to Tama's side and examining the clones. "They're perfect! They look just like the type of murderous, insane soldiers that I need to recruit to my cause!"

"Why aren't they moving?" asked the Interceptor, stepping forwards.

"Birth trance," Tama explained. "They're not thinking anything at the moment. You need to speak to them so they'll wake up."

"Do they still have their... memories?" Shocker asked, looking at Tama.

Tama nodded. "They'll be exactly like Simba, Nala and Haiba—well, up to a certain point, at least. They won't even realise

they're clones. Except... they'll just have a bit of a mean streak, that's all."

Shocker grinned. "*Perfect*. To defeat the enemy, you must *become* the enemy. I said this was a brilliant plan, didn't I?" he asked the Interceptor.

The Interceptor just frowned. "Hey, you know very well that this was *my* plan, and—"

"I don't need any more of your excuses," Shocker interrupted. "Now, we need to activate these clones. I want them sent into the Pride Lands as soon as possible! *Immediately*, in fact."

"Then just speak to them," said Tama.

Shocker stepped towards the clones, maintaining eye contact with the clone of Simba. He was stood in the middle of the three, ever the leader. "Hello, there."

The three clones blinked, awakening from their frozen state.

"Who are you?" the Simba clone asked, as if he had never been asleep. He sounded just like Simba. This was perfect!

"My name is Shocker, Simba," he replied. "And from now on, you're going to be taking orders from me."

"Who says so?" the clone Nala cut in.

"I say so," Shocker told them sternly. "Now, if you'll listen to me, I'll—"

"Get out of my way, loser," Clone Simba snapped, pushing past Shocker and motioning for his friends to follow. "Come on, guys. Let's get out of here."

Clone Nala and Haiba nodded, marching after him.

Furious, Shocker stared after them. "Hey, wait! You're supposed to listen to me!" he screamed, as they walked off into the distance. He glared at Tama. "What's going on? You said they'd be evil!"

"They *are* evil," Tama said. "I didn't say I'd make them *obedient*. That's not what you asked for. They wouldn't even be clones, then—they'd be slaves!"

"Well, maybe that would have been *better*!" Shocker roared at the top of his voice. He pointed a claw at the Interceptor. "This is all *your* fault—coming up with stupid ideas all the time!"

The Interceptor looked offended. "*Me*? But a minute ago you said it was *your* idea—"

"Don't play word games with me!" Shocker ranted.

"Don't worry yourself," Tama said. "It's obvious that they're going to try and get back home. They'll discover the *real* Simba, Nala and Haiba. Then they'll try to kill them. *No* clone can ever like their real life counterpart. It doesn't work that way."

Shocker growled. "You'd better be right."

"Don't worry. I'm right," Tama assured him, before backing away cautiously. "Well, I'd just... better be going..."

Tama knew what she had to do. She was going to go home, find Tojo, and then warn Simba, Nala and Haiba about the impending danger. That maniac wasn't going to get away with this freaky plan of his...

"Oh, of course," agreed Shocker, following after her. "But I can't let you go without erasing your memory first."

"Huh?" Tama turned around, eyes wide with shock.

"You heard me." Shocker held out his forepaws, and sent an electrical bolt zapping right towards Tama's forehead.

She stumbled around, giggling, eyes spiralling madly. "Wow, the colours are pretty around here..." she said, before collapsing to the ground in a laughing heap.

"That takes care of her," said Shocker, satisfied, before retreating away from the area. "Come, Interceptor. Let us watch as the clones wage war against each other. This will go down in history as a great day."

"What are we going to call it, the Clone Wars?" the Interceptor suggested jokingly.

Shocker turned around, an evil glint in his eyes. "*Precisely.*"

"Mom? Dad? Are you still alive?"

Mufasa and Sarabi jerked their heads in the direction of their son. "Yes, Simba," they said in unison. "We are functioning — I mean, alive."

Simba stared at them curiously. He had to admit, he was rather stunned by how suddenly they had reappeared in the Pride Lands. He went to sleep one night, and woke up the next morning finding them stood at the edge of Pride Rock. Oddly enough, they seemed to have been stuck in the same spot for days now...

However, he didn't sound too convinced by their reply. Something was *definitely* up. "Okay, then." He turned around, strolling away from his odd parents and over to Nala and Haiba. "I wish they'd just say they want to enslave the pride or something. I can't get any kind of decent answer from them."

"Maybe that's for the best," Haiba said with a shrug. "We'll know when the time comes if something's wrong or not."

"How could something *not* be wrong?" Nala questioned through narrowed eyes.

"They could have bumped their heads and suffered irreparable damage?" Haiba suggested.

"I seriously doubt that," Nala said. She sighed. "So, what are we doing today, Simba?"

"The same thing we do every day, Nala," Simba said. "Try to save the kingdom."

"But there's no bad guys around," Nala pointed out. "The kingdom's been practically empty since that business with Shocker." She shuddered, remembering his desperate attempts to try and form a relationship with her. *Yuck.*

"Then we'll just go and *find* something to do," Simba said, strolling down Pride Rock. "Come on—it's not like we have to sit around and stay bored all day. Let's go face off against some bad guys!"

Little did the three of them know that they would soon be up against some very familiar faces...

Themselves.

AN: This is going to be one of the best stories of the series. I've been really looking forward to writing it. Of course, whether *you* readers will like it, I don't know. All a matter of opinion, I suppose. Plus it allows for obligatory *Star Wars* references. Where do you think I got the title *Clone Wars* from?

So, how will our favourite cubs fare against their clones? Will Shocker ever get one of his plans to work? Will there be more Tama and Tojo cameos? There's only one way to find out...

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Double Trouble

AN: Damn... my computer troubles have returned. And I thought I was past that. Hopefully I've got it fixed again, so you can keep getting the chapters of this latest story. Maybe I should invest in a new computer for Christmas. If I don't just get a sack of coal from Santa, of course. Knowing me, it'll be the latter. Then again, I hear you can get a high price for coal these days...

Haradion: Tama's not selfish; I think she was lying about not liking Tojo just to protect him. She really does love that little guy—even if she doesn't show it.

anonymous13: Sorry to hear about your dog. Hopefully these later chapters will cheer you up somewhat. As for the status of the series: well, all good things must come to an end...

Chapter Three: Double Trouble

The three clones that Shocker had newly created were stood at the edge of the waterhole, staring at a sight which stunned them to the very core. It defied their sense of logic and reason so much that it... Well, it just made them angry.

"I don't believe it!" raged the clone Nala.

"What does it mean?" screamed the identical Simba.

"This is ridiculous!" yelled the duplicate Haiba.

They were looking at identical versions of themselves. Completely identical. They were exactly alike. The three newborn clones—unaware that they *were* clones, of course—just couldn't comprehend it.

"This doesn't make sense," Clone Simba said, an angry frown on his face. "They look exactly the same as us. Is it some kind of trick?"

"Doesn't look like it," snarled Clone Nala. "Either we're seeing things, or those three are some serious posers."

"Who gave you the right to decide on everything we see?" Clone Simba suddenly asked. "Remember: *I'm* in charge around here."

"Well, excuse me for using my brain, you idiot," Clone Nala retorted.

"What did you just call me?" asked Clone Simba, offended.

"I called you an idiot," said Clone Nala simply.

Clone Simba turned to face him, a confrontational look in his auburn eyes. "Say that again," he commanded in a threatening tone.

Unaffected, Clone Nala stared him down. "You're. An. Idiot."

"That's it!" The clone Simba lost patience, and leapt at Nala with the fury of ten thousand lions. Sharing the same level of anger, Nala tore and bit at his flesh.

"Stop it!" Clone Haiba screamed, interrupting the two cubs' fight. Clone Simba stared at Clone Haiba, still nibbling on one of Clone Nala's ears. She had one of his paws in her mouth, chomping down on it with an alarming ferocity. "You're forgetting the point here!"

"The only point is that *she* thinks she's in charge around here," Clone Simba replied angrily. *"I'm* the boss!"

"Shut up, Simba; you're not the boss—I am," Clone Haiba retorted.

Clone Simba stared down at the ground glumly. "Sorry..." he muttered.

"Nala, say sorry," Clone Haiba commanded, with an intimidating look in his eyes.

"Sorry..." Clone Nala said, barely above a whisper.

"Now, we're going to fix this problem," Clone Haiba told them, as the two cubs slowly climbed to their paws. The fight was finished—for now. "Those three imposters need to be eliminated. Am I right?"

Clone Simba and Nala looked at each other, then nodded at Clone Haiba. "*Right*," they chorused.

"Exactly," he said. "Of course, we need to destroy them in a most painful way. Either we rip them apart, limb by limb; throw them into boiling lava; or—the worst punishment of all—we tickle them to death."

Clone Simba and Nala shuddered at Haiba's last option. "That's just *terrible*," said Nala. "Haiba, you're so evil."

"I am aware of this," he said. "But it's the only way for future gods like us to live. After all, we are going to become joint rulers of the Pride Lands when we come of age."

"Oh, yeah. Sure..." Clone Simba said, looking aside so he could have a sneaky evil laugh. He had plans of his own for when he came of age. Plans that involved killing Haiba and using Nala as a slave so he could become the most powerful king who ever lived...

"What was that, Simba?" Clone Haiba asked.

"Oh, nothing," Clone Simba mumbled.

"It's us against them," Clone Haiba continued. "We can't have posers taking our place. It would just ruin our esteemed reputation."

"So we *capture* them!" Clone Nala decided with an enthusiastic grin. "And *then* we can begin the punishment!"

"It's genius!" Clone Simba declared. "The best plan we've ever had!"

Clone Haiba chuckled sinisterly. "I know! They'll never be able to stop us! Especially since we're the three greatest cubs to ever live—*ever*!"

"*Ever, ever*!" Clone Nala exclaimed.

"*Ever, ever, ever*!" Clone Simba cried.

Clone Nala slapped him across the face. "That's enough 'ever'!"

"Oh, yeah?" Clone Simba pounced at Clone Nala, and they began to try and devour each other once more. "*I'm going to have you for dinner, Nala!*"

"*Not until your head is in my stomach!*"

Simba swished the water around slowly with his paw, bored out of his mind. He was praying for something interesting to suddenly happen. After all, his life was all about having adventures. He was just that type of cub. He couldn't help it, and he couldn't change. Not ever.

"I wonder what it'd like to be a girl?" Haiba suddenly said. He lay on his stomach, paws on his chin, staring out with mild interest into the horizon.

Simba and Nala stared at him. "*What?*" they both exclaimed.

"I said, I wonder what it's like to be a girl?" he repeated. "I mean, it's be great, wouldn't it? All those emotions and nice... feelings. Sounds like a really flowery time—if you get what I mean."

"No, Haiba," Nala said, frowning. "I'm a girl, and I *don't* get what you mean." She looked at Simba, making a 'crazy' motion with one of her claws. "Talk some sense into him, Simba."

"I can't," Simba said with a shrug, rolling onto his back and gazing up at the bright blue sky. "I'm busy thinking."

"Thinking about what?" Nala asked.

"What do you think I'm thinking about?" Simba replied. "*Fun*. I need something *fun* to do! You know when something really *fun* is happening? Isn't that just really *fun*?"

"Stop saying 'fun'," Nala moaned. "It's making me feel even more bored."

"If you think about it, then half our lives involve sitting around, doing nothing," Haiba told them. "It's a very lazy life—being a lion."

"Yeah, but we're different from all the others," Simba protested. "I mean, just *look* at all those cubs across the waterhole!"

Across the waterhole, the multitude of other cubs were all sitting there with bored, lazy looks in their eyes. All at once, they heaved a heavy sigh. Life just wasn't very interesting.

"See what I mean?" said Haiba. "Very lazy."

"I'm not standing for this," Simba said, hopping to his paws.

"Yes, you are," Haiba retorted, indicating that Simba was standing.

"I don't mean it like that!" Simba yelled. He shook his head. "Forget it. Look, I'm making a new rule as the Prince of Pride Lands: Everyone has to have at least three hours of fun every single day."

"Excuse me, but that contravenes the sixth order of the Pride Lands Law," said a voice from behind the three cubs.

"Zazu," Simba sighed, his shoulder sagging. "What are you doing here? I thought you were banned from ever being here."

Zazu put a wingtip to his beak, shushing him. "Don't let the whole world know about it, young master!" he exclaimed.

"After all, I wouldn't want to evoke King Mufasa's wrath. And, in case you're wondering, I was trying to procure some, uh... *food*. After all, it's *ever* so scarce in the Outlands."

"Did someone steal it all?" Simba asked, grabbing Zazu by the shoulders. "Someone evil? Can I stop them?"

"There hasn't been food in the Outlands for years, young master," Zazu replied. "Only the hyenas lived there—and they've been extinct from the area for quite some time now."

"Damn it!" Simba cried, hitting the ground in frustration. "And I was hoping for some kind of battle, too..."

"Well, young master, I'm quite afraid that—" Zazu let out a loud gasp, stopping himself from speaking any further.

Simba noticed his horrified expression. "What is it, Zazu?"

With a shaky wing, Zazu gestured to something across the waterhole. "It's... it's... it's..."

Simba, Nala and Haiba followed his gaze.

At first, they thought they were staring at their own reflection. Until they realised that it wasn't the water they were looking at. Three identical versions of them—completely exact—were stood there, staring with quiet rage at them.

"Happy, now?" Haiba asked Simba.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Let the Wars Begin

Chapter Four: Let the Wars Begin

"What exactly are we doing?" Clone Simba asked, still staring angrily at the identical versions of themselves across the waterhole.

"We're *intimidating* them," Clone Haiba stated. "That way they'll be so scared of us that they'll surrender *instantly*. It's the most perfect plan ever."

"*Ever, ever,*" added Clone Simba.

"Oh, don't start that again," Clone Nala said with a roll of her eyes. "I've had just about enough of you." She rubbed one of the multitude of cuts Clone Simba had inflicted across her body earlier. The things she suffered for love...

"I don't think it's working," Clone Simba muttered. "They just seem to be kind of... staring back at us. It's not like they're... trembling in fear or anything. Where are the tears of unfathomable sadness?"

"Okay, so maybe they're just confused right now," Clone Haiba agreed, "but just how are we supposed to swoop in and take them without anyone else noticing?"

"I don't think anyone else would notice whatever happens," Clone Nala replied. "Just look at all those cubs."

The three clones looked at the cubs a few feet away from where they were stood. They all still looked bored out of their minds, and let out another heavy sigh in unison.

"Okay, good point," Clone Haiba said. "So maybe we can just grab them. No one will ever know..."

"And then we can go back to our normal lives," said Clone Nala happily. "No posers will ever dare mess with us ever again!"

"*Ever, ever!*" exclaimed Clone Simba with a grin.

Clone Nala picked up a rock and bashed Clone Simba over the top of his head. He collapsed onto his back with a dopey smile. "That'll have him seeing stars for a while," she said, satisfied. "Now, how are we going to do this?"

"They're us," Nala said, shocked at the sight of herself across the waterhole. "I mean, like, clones! How the heck does that work?"

"I think I've been staying out in the sun too long," Simba said, rubbing the side of his head with a paw. "I'm starting to see things that aren't really there."

"It's not too hard to believe," Haiba said. "After all, we've seen weirder things."

"Oh, yeah?" challenged Nala. "Like what?"

"Stuff like... Oh, I don't know!" Haiba cried. "I just know—okay?"

"But... how?" Nala asked, staring at the clones with confusion. "I don't get it. Who did this?"

"I'll give you three guesses," Simba said.

"Betcha it's either Shocker, the Interceptor or Froggy," Nala replied. "They're just very persistent."

"This is *terrible*!" Zazu cried, panic filling his eyes. "Oh, why do so many horrible things have to happen in this kingdom! It's simply dreadful! I never ever should have been born here in the first place!"

"Stop worrying, Zazu," Simba said, trying to calm him down. "We can fix it. Haiba, what do you know about clones?"

"Um... they look the same as us?" Haiba suggested with a shrug. "Other than that, nothing. It's not something that really happens all that often."

"Great," Simba groaned. "So we have yet another problem on our paws which we have to solve. Okay, so we're going to have to go right up to them, and—"

Simba turned around, only to find that Nala had disappeared. "Nala? Nala?" He took a few steps forward, gaping at

where she had once stood. "Where did she go?" Craning his neck, he saw that the clones had disappeared from the opposite side of the waterhole.

Haiba shared Simba's astonished look. "They must have taken here," he concluded. "They're very sneaky—which is to be expected, since they're clones of us."

"Oh, come on," Simba complained. "How are you supposed to fight a clone? It's like trying to hurt your reflection—it doesn't work."

"Of course you can fight your own clone," Haiba said. "You just have to apply your own weaknesses."

"And who made you the expert?" Simba asked.

"At least I'm thinking," he replied. "It's not like panicking is going to help us much."

"Actually, I was hoping that 'panic' might be a viable option," said Zazu, meekly raising a wing with an embarrassed smile on his face.

"We're going to do this the brave way," Simba proclaimed. "We fight the clones and rescue Nala. Haiba, are you with me?"

"I wouldn't have it any other way," he responded.

"Zazu, how about you?" Simba asked.

"I beg your pardon? You expect me—a defenceless Hornbill—to mount a defence against identical clones? You must be insane!"

"Well, / am," Haiba said, "but I don't know about Simba..."

"Enough of this nonsense!" Zazu yelled, with an anger that surprised the two. "Now, I suggest that we report this to King Mufasa and—"

"No, we can't," Simba interrupted, shaking his head. "My dad has gone cuckoo. He'd probably team up with the clones against us or something. We have to do this ourselves."

"But I have very important things to do!" Zazu protested.

"Do I have to send you to those monkeys again?" Simba asked with a sly smile. "You know what happened after you messed up that law about the Royal Challenge..."

"Fine, fine! I'll do it!" Zazu gave in. "Curse your sinister blackmail..."

"It's not blackmail," Simba told him. "I'm just threatening to send you to the monkeys unless you do as I say."

"That's blackmail," Zazu said. "I don't know where you get your threatening personality from, but you'd better know that I do not approve of it. Not at all."

"You don't really approve of anything, huh, Zazu?" asked Haiba. "I mean, first you get yourself fired—"

"That was the King's fault!" Zazu argued. "In my opinion, I should be allowed back at my original post with extra privileges for compensation."

Haiba stared at him. "I did not understand a word you just said."

"I wouldn't expect you to," Zazu shot back. "Only *intelligent* animals can understand my dialect."

"Are you commenting on how stupid I am?" Haiba asked in a challenging tone.

"No—I'm *telling* you how stupid you are," Zazu retorted. "Are you happy now, you rambunctious nitwit?"

"I think we should all calm down," Simba advised. "Fighting isn't going to solve the problem."

"Then I suggest that you lead the way, young master," Zazu said. "Where should we go to find these unusual beings?"

"We'll work our way around the edge of the kingdom," Simba said. "They can't have gotten further than that. If they *have*, then I guess we should check the jungle next."

"I hope nothing's happened to her," Zazu said with a sigh. "I'd hate it if I were held accountable for her death..."

"Oh... what happened?" Nala moaned, rubbing her sore head. One second she was with Simba and Haiba, and the next, she had woken up in an unfamiliar location.

Looking around, she found herself lying in a rocky area dotted with shrubs and weeds. It had to be somewhere on the outskirts of the Pride Lands, she concluded. "What a weird day I'm having..."

"It's going to get worse," threatened a familiar voice.

"Huh?" With wide eyes, Nala looked to the side, and stared at... herself. "What is going on?"

"Don't toy with me," said the clone Nala. "You know what you're doing."

"I'm curious. What *am* I doing?" Nala asked, staring at the clone of herself with an unimpressed look on her face.

"Being an imposter, that's what," replied Clone Nala. "*I'm* the future Queen of the Pride Lands around here. Not you. Is that clear?"

"Not really," Nala replied.

Nala gasped when her clone slapped her across the face. "*Don't talk back to me!*" she raged, with an anger that could shake the ground. "*I am the Queen!*"

Tasting blood in her mouth, Nala coughed a little. Already she realised that her clone wasn't exactly the nicest of characters. "Look, what do you want?"

"I want my life back!" Clone Nala snapped. "You've taken everything from me! Or at least you've *tried* to."

"What are you...?" At first Nala didn't understand, but then she realised. Of course. These were clones, right down to the very last detail. The clone truly believed that she was the real Nala. Both of them were practically the same—save for a slightly meaner personality.

"Still denying your crimes?" Clone Nala asked. She chuckled. "I thought as much. Come on, then..." She began to drag Nala away. "I'm going to teach you a lesson that you won't forget."

Nala gulped nervously. She didn't like the sound of that...

AN: Oh, dear. Nala's stuck with three evil clones for company. That can't be good. Can Simba, Haiba and Zazu come to her rescue? Well, that depends on whether my computer will decide to crash again or not. Pray for me.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: The Wrong Nala

AN: Well, after more computer troubles, I'm finally back. And that means I can finish this story on Christmas Eve! Yay! 'Tis the season to be jolly, after all, isn't it? I think I'll start by grabbing another turkey from a cold, dark warehouse and burning it alive. That's what the holidays are all about, right?

Anyway, enjoy the next two chapters.

anonymous13: Not much of a Timon and Pumbaa fan either, eh? I didn't hate them that much until I saw *The Lion King 1 1/2*. But the... awfulness contained within that movie is just too much for me to bear.

Anonamous Writer: Thanks for the compliment. It's good to hear that you're getting into writing yourself.

Chapter Five: The Wrong Nala

Nala had come to the conclusion that she had been knocked out by the odd clone of herself at some point. As consciousness slammed back into her, she found herself attached to one of the trees around the outskirts of the Pride Lands. She struggled to move, but discovered that she was restricted by several tight vines.

"How many times do I have to get stuck in this situation?" she moaned, rolling her eyes. She made a mental note never to get herself kidnapped ever again. Although that didn't seem like a viable possibility at the moment.

"Hello, *Nala*," said a cruel voice. Nala sighed at hearing 'herself' talk like that. It sort of freaked her out. Clones were pretty creepy.

"What do you want?" Nala asked. "I've already told you that you're nuts. What else do you want?"

From out of the shadows, Clone Nala emerged with a nasty smile on her face. "I want you to *suffer*. After all, I don't take very kindly to posers."

Nala arched an eyebrow. "*Posers*? If anyone's the poser, then it's you. You were probably only born about a few hours ago!"

Clone Nala struck her across the face, leaving a burning red mark. Nala winced in pain. "I was born two years ago at the Wild Lands!"

"Two years ago?" said Nala, confused. "But that doesn't make any sense! I should be a—"

"I don't need to explain myself to you," interrupted Clone Nala. "What you need is to learn your lesson. How are you doing this? Copying the way I look?" She examined Nala with curious eyes, getting right up in her face. "Magic? Mind games? Some kind of illusion? Tell me."

"I'm *telling you*," Nala said through gritted teeth, "that you're a clone. I'm the real Nala!"

Clone Nala raised a paw. "I think I've heard enough. Clearly you're delusional. Everyone knows that *I'm* the real Nala."

"But you—" Nala was cut off by some voices in the distance.

"*Nala! Where are you?*" sounded Simba's voice.

Clone Nala smiled gleefully at her counterpart. "Looks like one of your posers is looking for you. I'm sure they won't be able to tell the difference... *when I lead them right into a trap!*" She tossed her head back and let out an evil laugh.

"No! You can't!" Nala protested, but it was far too late for her to do anything. Clone Nala walked off into the distance, just as Simba, Haiba and Zazu wandered into view.

"Nala!" Simba cried, failing to recognise the difference between her and the clone. "Where've you been?"

"Uh... somewhere," Clone Nala lied, trying to act naturally. "Stop being so controlling, Simba."

Simba's eyes widened slightly. "Controlling? I was just worried about you."

"Well, I didn't *need* you to be worried about me," Clone Nala replied. "I can take care of myself, thank you very much. Now, come on. We have to find those clone thingies and show them who's boss."

Clone Nala strode off, leaving a very perplexed Simba.

"Um, young master?" Zazu interjected, perched on Simba's shoulder. "Do you notice anything, um... *odd* about Nala?"

"I guess she's just... moody?" Simba guessed with a shrug of his shoulders. "I don't know—but at least she's okay."

"That's what we *think*," said Haiba suspiciously.

Simba walked ahead, beckoning for him to follow. "Come on. I don't want to lose her again."

The *real* Nala struggled against her bonds. "*No!* You've got the wrong Nala! *You've got the wrong Nala!*"

But Simba and the others had long since disappeared. Slumping, Nala let out a long sigh. "Why me?"

Clone Simba giggled evilly as he watched Clone Nala walking off with the 'imposter' Simba and Haiba. "They've fallen for the plan like idiots! And then we'll be able to return to our former glory!"

Clone Haiba grabbed Clone Simba by the throat. "I'm the one who says the evil stuff around here! Is that clear?"

"Very much so," Clone Simba gasped.

"Good." Clone Haiba dropped Clone Simba to the ground. "Nala will see to them. It won't be long before they're nothing more than corpses on the ground."

"And then we can rule the Pride Lands once more?" asked Clone Simba eagerly.

"Of course we can, Simba," Clone Haiba replied, patting him on the head. "Of course we can..."

"There's just one thing, though," Clone Simba said.

"And what might that be?" asked Clone Haiba, knowing that Clone Simba was likely to ask a stupid question that had no effect on his plans whatsoever.

"Well, what if Nala... *doesn't* kill them?" he asked slowly, afraid of angering Clone Haiba.

"Why would she do that?" said Clone Haiba with a laugh. "After all, Nala is a highly skilled, murderous lioness. It's not like she can't take on two pathetic posers, right?"

"But what if they're stronger than we think?" questioned Clone Simba worriedly. "What if they're so strong that they can blow us up just by the power of thought?"

"Simba?"

"Yes?"

"Shut up."

"Sorry."

"Have you noticed anything weird about Nala?" Haiba whispered as he and Simba walked along.

"Aside from the fact that she's very rude, no," replied Zazu, flying overhead. "I knew we were wrong to trust her."

"It's obvious, isn't it?" Simba asked. "She's traumatised by being kidnapped too many times. She always gets kidnapped. After a while, it can make you go crazy."

"Nala isn't the type to go suddenly insane," Haiba replied. "She's the type that makes *other* animals go insane."

"You're telling me," agreed Simba with a frown. "She was turned into a vampire once—she wanted my blood!"

"So did that Vitani girl," remarked Haiba. "Good thing she's gone, huh?"

"Shut up back there!" Clone Nala snarled, turning her head to glare at the others. "Why can't you just be silent?"

"Hey, Nala," called Haiba. "Where are we going?"

"I'm not telling you!" Clone Nala snapped. "Now sit down and shut up."

"How can we keep moving if we have to sit down—?"

"*Shut your mouth!*" Clone Nala interrupted. "*I said sit down!*"

"Okay." Haiba sat down on the ground, and slowly began to shuffle himself forwards, barely covering any distance. "This journey is going to take a lot longer than I expected..."

Six Hours Later...

It was late in the evening by the time the four of them reached their destination. Or, to be more precise, Clone Nala's destination. "Ah..." she sighed. "Here we are."

They had arrived in an area around the outskirts, which was dotted with a few fresh trees. Simba, Haiba or Zazu couldn't detect anything sinister about the place. Then again, Nala was acting very strange since they'd rescued her...

"So... what are we doing here, exactly?" Haiba asked, getting to his paws. "It'd better be worth the bruises on my butt..."

"Keep your mouth shut," Clone Nala threatened, "or I will take it off."

"Uh, Nala?" asked Simba. "You sure you're all right? You're acting a little... *psychotic*, if you ask me."

"I'm the same way I've always been!" Clone Nala exclaimed. "Now get over to those trees!"

"Why?" Simba asked.

"*Just do it!*"

"Okay—okay!" Simba cried, moving quickly over to the trees. "Just do as she says," he warned Haiba and Zazu.

"How many more dismal situations do I have to be forced into?" Zazu moaned, before fluttering onto a nearby tree branch. "It's more misery than my being can take..."

"Zip it, Banana-Beak," Clone Nala snapped, watching as Haiba joined Simba by his side. "Now that you're all in position, we can begin."

"Begin with what?" Haiba asked.

"Begin with your execution, of course," Clone Nala replied, as if it were the most normal thing in the world.

"*Execution?*" cried Zazu. "Oh, this is simply *awful!*"

"You can't execute us!" Haiba said. "Nala, what happened to you? You were always so nice."

Simba was in tears. "*I trusted you!*" he sobbed.

"Um, don't you think you're overreacting a little?" Haiba questioned, raising an eyebrow.

"Well, it's not very nice seeing your future mate trying to kill you," Simba sniffled. "It upsets me."

"Oh, brother." Haiba rolled his eyes. "Look, Nala, you'd better explain yourself or I might have to take drastic action."

Clone Nala sighed, walking over to them. "What is it with you people and talking all of the time?"

"It's called *communication*," Haiba told her. "You might want to try it sometime—"

Clone Nala slashed Haiba across the face with her claws. He fell onto his back, howling in pain. "Scratches!" he wailed. "I really *hate* scratches!"

"It's not that bad," Simba said. "Really."

"My *face!*" Haiba cried. "My beautiful face!"

"Err, Nala, would you mind explaining *why* you plan on executing us?" Zazu inquired carefully.

Clone Nala smiled evilly. "To eradicate posers like you," she replied.

"Posers?" said Haiba. "It's like being with that Tara girl again..."

"But... why?" Simba asked, horrified.

"*But... why?*" Clone Nala mimicked in a cruel tone. "Why do you think? I don't take kindly to imposters. And so you will die. And yes—it will be painful. *Extremely* painful."

Simba gulped.

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: The Right Nala

Chapter Six: The Right Nala

Nala struggled against the vines, gnawing at them with her teeth. She was beginning to wear them away, bit by bit. Then she could escape—and just might stand a chance at stopping the strange clone of her. She just hoped that Simba and Haiba hadn't been hurt... If they *had*, then she was going to *kill* that clone!

"Come on, come on," Nala said through gritted teeth, as she cut away at the remaining vines with her claws. They snapped free, and she plopped to the ground. "Yes!" She was free!

Nala raced in the direction of her clone—

—only for Clone Haiba and Simba to hop right in front of her. They didn't look too happy.

"Oh, no," Nala said, backing away. She could tell just by looking at them that they weren't the *real* Simba and Haiba. "There are more of you!"

"Looks like we've got ourselves a poser, Simba," said Clone Haiba, advancing menacingly towards her.

"Yeah," Clone Simba agreed, a low growl rising in his throat. "It looks like it. What are we going to do to her, Haiba?"

"Oh, I'm sure I can think of something," Clone Haiba responded. "Maybe we could drown her in the waterhole."

"Or crush her with a boulder," suggested Clone Simba.

"Or how about we squeeze her head until it pops?" asked Clone Haiba.

Clone Simba grinned evilly. "Sounds good to me."

"*No!*" Nala pushed past the two, knocking them aside. She ran full pelt in the direction where her clone was headed, intent on catching her before she did something horrible to Simba and Haiba. The *real* Simba and Haiba, of course. "I just hope I'm not too late..."

"It's too late for you," Clone Nala said, as she finished tying the vines around Simba, Haiba and Zazu, securing them all to one tree. "There's nothing you can do about it."

"I don't even understand what it is we did," Haiba said. "We were posing or something?"

"You're posers," Clone Nala told them. "And that is the worst crime of all. Now you will pay the price for it."

"I'll give you two wildebeests," Haiba said.

"What?" asked Simba.

"She said I'll pay the price," Haiba replied. "How much does she want?"

"It's an expression, you idiot!" Clone Nala said angrily. "Now shut up and let me kill you!"

"I dread to ask," said Zazu, "but how exactly are you going to execute us?"

"Easy," Nala replied. "I'm going to tickle you to death."

Zazu fainted instantly.

"Say goodbye," Clone Nala said, before tickling Haiba across the stomach.

He didn't laugh. Not once.

"Let's see how you get out of this one!" Clone Nala laughed, as she continued to tickle Haiba. It took her a few moments to realise that he wasn't reacting. "Huh?" she said, confused. "Why aren't you laughing?"

"I'm not ticklish," he replied. "It doesn't do anything to me. I think Simba is, though—"

"Shh!" Simba hissed, before looking at Clone Nala. "Oh, yeah—I'm not ticklish too. I guess you'll have to try something

else. I don't think Zazu is, either. Isn't that right, Zazu?"

But he couldn't reply, of course, because he was unconscious.

"Hmm..." Clone Nala sat in thought for a moment. "I'll have to think of something else—something *equally* as horrible!"

"Yeah—you think about that," Simba said, before whispering in Haiba's ear. "We need to think of a plan—and fast."

"I'm working on it," Haiba said, as he discreetly began to tear at the vines with his claws. "I'll have us out of here before you can say 'I'll have us out of here before you can say.'"

Simba stared at him confusingly. "Whatever. Just get us free."

"Sure thing," Haiba said, as he cut the last of the vines, and the three of them tumbled to the ground. Zazu jolted awake, looking around in fright.

"Am I dead?" he cried. "Is it over?"

Clone Nala growled with rage, seeing that they were trying to escape. "It's only just beginning," she said furiously, before pouncing at the hornbill.

"*Gah!*" Zazu spread his wings and took off into the air, narrowly avoiding becoming Nala's next meal. "I'm getting away from this horrible kingdom!" With that, he flew away into the distance.

"You won't get away with... whatever it is you're planning," Haiba told her. "We won't allow it."

"We'll just see about that— *Wah!*" Clone Nala cried, as suddenly something impacted with her.

Simba and Haiba watched with bemusement as another Nala began to wrestle with the other.

"Hold it right there!" Nala yelled at her clone.

"*Nala?*" both Simba and Haiba exclaimed.

"You again!" her clone complained.

Nala breathed a sigh of relief at the sight of Simba and Haiba. "Thank goodness you're all right."

"Nala, what is going on?" Simba asked.

"Hold it!" Clone Nala yelled, throwing Nala away from her. "*I'm* Nala, and I'm in charge around here."

"No—I'm Nala!" Nala declared.

"I'm Nala!" the other exclaimed.

"I'm Nala!" Nala insisted, getting up in her double's face so their noses were touching.

"So, who's the real Nala?" Haiba asked.

"*I am!*" they both proclaimed.

"Don't let this imposter fool you," Clone Nala said. "She's been trained by Hago himself to mimic my every move."

Nala slapped her clone across the face. "Ow!" she cried. "My beautiful face!"

"She *has* to be the real Nala," Simba said. "She would *never* say anything like that."

"*Clones!*" Nala cried, grabbing Simba by the cheeks. "Three of them! Of *us*! We've gotta stop them!"

"Okay, okay—calm down!" Simba replied, pulling away from her. "So we've got a clone problem. What else is new?"

"What's new is that they think they're us," Nala explained. "I bumped into the clones of you and Haiba. They wanted to squeeze my head until it popped!"

"That doesn't sound good," Haiba said nervously. "I've had parts of my body squeezed before." He frowned. "It's not nice."

"Which is why we have to squash them before they can squash *us*," Nala told them. "After all, we are the dominant life forms."

"What makes you say that?" Simba asked.

"Isn't it obvious? We've been around longer than they have," Nala explained. "They're just copies!"

"That's not fair!" Clone Nala cried, getting to her paws. "Who says *you're* the dominant life forms? We're real!"

"And what makes you say that?" Nala asked. "You're just clones. You probably haven't been around for more than a few hours. You're nothing."

"I have everything that you do," Clone Nala said. "And so much more. I'm better than you! *Better!* Do you hear me?"

"All I hear is some insane cub," Nala retorted. "Just because you have the same memories as us doesn't make you the same."

"Your friends failed to notice the difference," Clone Nala remarked coldly, glancing at Simba and Haiba. "They thought I was the real Nala all along."

"That's not true." Nala turned to the two. "Is it?"

"Well..." Simba scratched the back of his head awkwardly. "We did think you were kinda acting a little weird..."

Nala rolled her eyes. "Look, we're not the same as them—and they're not the same as us! We have to destroy them before they take over the kingdom!"

"It's our kingdom *already!*" Clone Nala declared. "I'm the future Queen!"

"No—you just *think* you're the future Queen," Nala shot back, extending her claws. "Now, are you going to fight me or just stand there like a coward?"

Clone Nala looked like she was about to pounce on Nala, but then hesitated. "No," she said. "I won't fight." She turned away. "But I'll be back..." And with that, she walked off.

Nala watched her go, then turned to Simba and Haiba. "She's going to bring back the others," she said. "We have to be ready with an ambush."

"You're really concerned about this, aren't you?" Haiba asked.

"We can't just let doubles of ourselves go running around the place!" Nala cried. "We need to destroy them before they can do any real harm!"

"All right, all right," Simba agreed. "So how do we fight clones?"

"Well, it's obvious, isn't it?" Nala said. "We play to our own weaknesses."

AN: Nala doesn't like those clones much, does she? But I suppose I can't really blame her. I'd be mad too if I was tied to a tree by an identical version of myself. I think one ThatPersonYouMightKnow is enough, thank you very much.

Also, did you detect the Disney movie reference in this chapter? I'll give you absolutely nothing if you guess it correctly.

With that, I'll say Merry Christmas, and see you tomorrow for the final exciting chapter.

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Attack of the Clones

AN: Yay! It's Christmas Eve! Time to watch all those Christmas specials and movies. Like *Die Hard*. That's a jolly festive one. But you'd all better be in bed early. And no waking up in the middle of the night to peek at your presents. Otherwise I might have to ground you.

anonymous13: I know *exactly* what film you're talking about! I watch it every Christmas. In my opinion, it's a bit of a dumb movie—but it's that kind of dumb that you find funny. When it's got a song called I Hate Santa Claus, you can't help but laugh. What a very strange film...

Anonomous Writer: Good luck with your book. Maybe I'll get to read it someday.

Haradion: Yep. *Toy Story 2*. I find that scene extremely funny, for some reason. I couldn't resist to put it in—especially since this story features clones. This stuff writes itself, huh?

Chapter Seven: Attack of the Clones

"What?" Clone Haiba couldn't contain his rage. "You let them *escape*?"

"Not exactly," replied Clone Nala awkwardly. "I just kind of... left them."

"Left them?" exclaimed Clone Haiba. "*Left them*?"

"Um... yeah," Clone Nala said. "They were going to kill me! What else could I do?"

"You're supposed to have the strength of ten lionesses!" Clone Haiba yelled, throwing his forepaws up in the air. "This is ridiculous! How are we supposed to beat those posers when you can't even execute a simple plan?"

"Um... have you ever thought that, uh, we might be the posers?" Clone Nala asked quietly.

Clone Haiba stared at Clone Simba, dumbfounded. "She's kidding me, right?"

"Haiba, they're not just copying us—they're *exactly the same* as us," Clone Nala told him. "Isn't it possible that... you know?"

"What?" Clone Haiba asked.

"That we could just be clones," Clone Nala answered, "and they're the real ones."

"This is insane," Clone Haiba said. "We know—in our hearts—that we're the real ones. They haven't got an ounce of us in them."

"They have all our memories," Clone Nala said. "The same feelings, the same personalities—well, sort of. And, if I'm honest..." She spoke in a whisper, "they're a lot nicer than we are."

"I don't believe it," said Clone Simba, shaking his head. "Nala, you're going soft."

"I am not!" Clone Nala exclaimed. "I'm just saying, that's all. They might be... *real*. And we could be—"

"—fake?" Clone Haiba finished for her. "Nala, listen to me. *We're real*. We're here, right now, living. That's proof enough. Those other guys... they're just experiments—probably. Not more than a few hours old. They *can't* be real."

Clone Nala shook her head. "I don't know..."

Clone Haiba frowned, having had enough. "That's it. We're going to take action *now*—before it's too late."

"What are we going to do?" asked Clone Simba. "Make another plan?"

"We've wasted enough time on stuff like that already," Clone Haiba replied, waving the suggestion off. "We have to kill them, before they can kill *us*. I'm making this a war."

"A war?" said Clone Nala. "What do you mean?"

"I *mean*, that we're going to fight them to the death," Clone Haiba told her. "We're going to rip them apart with our bare claws."

"Ooh—that sounds violent!" Clone Simba exclaimed happily. "I like it!"

"It's our only option," Clone Haiba continued. "Otherwise these stupid posers are gonna keep on imitating us for ever. They've even corrupted Nala."

"They haven't *corrupted* me!" Clone Nala argued. "I was just thinking about the possibilities."

"Yeah—the possibility that we're not real," Clone Haiba retorted. "They've brainwashed you. That's how tricky they are."

"But I—"

"Just keep your priorities straight," Clone Haiba interrupted. "We're going to find these guys, kill them, and then get on with our lives. Come on."

Clone Haiba walked off, with Clone Simba trailing behind him. Clone Nala stared at the ground, deep in thought for a few seconds, before following them.

"Okay, so what are our weaknesses?" Simba asked, pacing back and forth impatiently. "What gets to us the most?"

"Yeah, but that's the problem," Haiba cut in. "If someone's made these clones, then couldn't they have *removed* our weaknesses?"

"No, I don't think so," Nala replied. "They wouldn't be clones otherwise—they'd be more like improved versions of ourselves."

"But isn't that what they are?" asked Simba.

"Not exactly," said Nala. "They're just eviller."

"Okay—weaknesses," said Haiba. "Well, you could start a make-out session with me. That'd take me out of reality for hours."

"I don't think their plan is to kiss you," said Simba. "I'd say your weakness was that you're too gullible."

"I am *not*!" Haiba exclaimed.

"Oh, really?" challenged Simba. "Well, what's that over there?"

Haiba turned round. "What?"

"See. You'll believe anything. When your clone gets here, you should just fool him into walking off a cliff or something," Simba said.

"Yeah, well... what about *you*? Your weakness is that you're too cocky. You're overconfident," Haiba told him. "And you disagree with everything I say."

"No, I don't!" Simba disagreed. "Look, all right, fine. So I just need to make him so confident that he does something stupid."

"And as for me," said Nala, "I think I can just prey on her vulnerability. It won't take more than some emotional words to defeat her."

"If she's not defeated already," Haiba said.

"Huh?"

"Well, you saw her earlier. She wasn't exactly putting up much of a fight when you said she wasn't real," Haiba said. "It's like she was beginning to question herself."

"So you're saying they can be convinced?" Simba questioned.

"Maybe," said Haiba, shrugging. "If we convince them that they're not real, then it might be too much for them to handle. They might kill themselves out of sheer shock."

Nala didn't look convinced. "That sounds too good to be true."

As the clones of Simba, Nala and Haiba stalked through a field with tall grass, they had their wits about them. They were expecting their counterparts to attack at any seconds. They were ready for a war—and they were ready to win.

"Can you see anything?" Clone Simba whispered.

"Not yet," replied Clone Haiba, narrowing his eyes. "But stay alert. We can't allow them to get the first hit in."

"How should we kill them?" asked Clone Simba.

"Go for the throat—it's simple," Clone Haiba told him. "Anyone can do it. Isn't that right, Nala?"

But Clone Nala didn't answer. She still seemed lost in her own thoughts, which were slowly beginning to consume her.

She was right, Clone Nala thought. *I'm not real. Just a copy... a clone...* It felt horrible to know that you weren't real after all.

"Come on, you little creeps," Clone Haiba snarled. "Where are you?"

"Yoo-hoo!" called a voice. "Hey, fellas! We're up here!"

The three clones turned their heads to see Simba, Nala and Haiba stood on top of a nearby cliff to their left.

"I think our search is over," said Clone Haiba, smiling evilly.

Simba smiled as he saw the clones approaching them from across the cliff. "Well, well, well. If it isn't the stupid poser clones from across the kingdom."

"It's *you* who are the posers!" Clone Haiba shot back. "We're going to rip you apart, piece by piece. There won't be anything left of you once we're finished."

"What, are you going to eat us?" Haiba asked sarcastically. "I mean, after all, eating me just might make you invincible."

"Huh?" Clone Haiba's interest was piqued. "What do you mean?"

"Well, cannibalism is healthy for you," Haiba told him. "If you ate me, then you would become really strong!"

Gullibly, Clone Haiba had been suckered in. "Really? Well, in that case, I think I *will* eat you!" He laughed evilly.

"Go on, then," said Haiba, smiling.

With a triumphant roar, Clone Haiba leapt at his double, tackling him to the ground. He licked his muzzle, pleased by the thought of devouring him. "Mmm... I guess you *do* look kind of tasty..."

"He's lost it," said Clone Simba, watching with confusion at what Clone Haiba was preparing to do. "This whole situation is driving him crazy." He shrugged. "Ah, well. Guess we should take care of the other two."

Clone Simba focused on his counterpart, advancing towards him slowly. "Prepare to die, you stupid copycat."

"Oh, yeah—you've caught me," Simba said, giving up instantly. "You might as well just leap into the air and strike me down. I can't do anything."

"That's a great idea!" Clone Simba exclaimed, his overconfidence clouding his judgement. He leapt into the air—
—and ended up sailing right over the edge of the cliff.

"*Gah!*" Clone Simba clung to the edge, his claws digging into the rock. "You tricked me!"

"Well, what did you expect?" Simba retorted. "You were trying to *kill* us."

Clone Simba scrambled to climb back up. "When I get up," he threatened, "I'm gonna kill you!"

Meanwhile, Clone Nala was watching the commotion, still lost in her thoughts. *You're not real. You're not real. You're not real...*

"Prepare to be eaten alive!" exclaimed Clone Haiba, opening his jaws wide.

You're not real. You're not real. You're not real.

"I think I got part of the plan wrong," said Haiba nervously, watching as he was about to be eaten by himself. It was an odd experience.

You're not real. You're not real. You're not real.

Simba grunted as his clone leapt on top of him, pinning him down. He struggled to break free, but it was useless. He was up against himself—and that was a major problem.

You're not real. You're not real. You're not real.

Clone Nala couldn't take any more. With an angry cry, she raced at the two clones. "*We're not real!*" she screamed, impacting with the two and knocking them off the edge of the cliff.

And her along with it.

Simba, Nala and Haiba raced over to the edge, watching with amazement as the three clones tumbled to their death.

Crunch! They all winced at the sickening sound that followed.

"What happened?" Simba asked, puzzled.

"I think she killed herself," Haiba said, staring at the three dead bodies on the ground. "It must have hit her that she wasn't real."

"She did the right thing," Nala said. "In the end."

Simba and Haiba shared a glance with each other. They weren't so sure about that.

"I don't believe it!" Shocker yelled, sensing the death of the clones. "How could clones fail?" He pointed an angry claw at the Interceptor. "This is all *your* fault! You and your silly ideas!"

"Oh, so it's *my* idea again, is it?" retorted the Interceptor. "You'd better be careful, my friend—otherwise this partnership is going to end up in tragedy."

"A lot of things can end up in tragedy," Shocker said. "I should know."

Suddenly, a cruel, deep laugh rang out from behind the two villains.

They turned around. "Did you hear that?" Shocker asked.

"Yeah," said the Interceptor. "But what was it?"

"I don't know," said Shocker. "I don't know..."

They didn't see the pair of blinking red eyes watching them in the darkness...

The End

AN: For the fourth time, it all comes down to this. The series finale. The thirteenth story. Unlucky for some, of course. What will happen? I'll tell you one thing—it's going to be exciting! I'll see you then!

NEXT TIME: Mufasa and Sarabi reveal their master plan, and the Pride Lands are plunged into chaos...